NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1893. - COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

## FOES IN AMBUSH.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A. Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "Marion's Faith,"
"Kitty's Conquest," "A Soldier's Secret," &c.

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CHAPTER VIL A new May morning was breaking, its faint rosy light warming the crests of the Santa Maria, when Lieut Drummond signalled "hali" to his little band, the first halt since leaving Moreno's at half past 2. Down in a rocky canon a number of hoof prints on the trail diverged to the left and followed an abrupt descent, while the wagons had kept to the right, and by a winding and more gradual road seemed to have sought a croasing further to the west. It was easy to divine that, with such elements in the gang, there had been no long separation between the horsemen and the treasure they were guarding, and, cancer as he was to overtake the renegades. Drummond promptly decided to follow the hoof tracks, rightly conjecturing, too, that they would bring him to water in the rocky tanks below. Dismounting and leading his big sorrel, he sprang lightly from ledge to have been any hand self-denial were to to his portion that rigid each man in succession dismounting at the same point, and, with more or less clasticity, coming on in the footsteps of his leader. The faint wan light of early dawn was rondering heighboring objects visible on the sandy plain behind them, but had not yet penetrated into the dopths of the gorge. Lying far to the west of the hal cought every opportunity. The had not yet penetrated into the dopths of the gorge. Lying far to the west of the hal cought every opportunity. A new May morning was breaking, its faint

was its general course. The light was now broad and clear, though the sun lind not vet peeped across the mountain range to their left. The pace was rapid, Drummond frequently urging his men to the trot or canter. Out to the front four or five hundred yards, often lost to view in the windings of the way, bergeant Lee with a single trooper rode in the advance, but not once had he signalled a discovery worth recording. Both wagon and hoof tracks here pursued a common road. It was evident that some horseman had found it necessary to ride alongside. It was evident, too, that the outlaws were travelling at full speed, as though anxious to reach some familiar lair before turning to face their expected pursuers. Every one in the gang, from Pasquai down to their humblest packer, well knew that it could not no long before cavalry in strong force would come trotting in chase. The squadron of Stoneman would surely be on the march by the coming sunset. As for "C" troop, they had little to fear. Pasquai hundred with savage gies as he thought how he had litted them in scattered datachnents far up to the cilin or over to the Christonal. No need to lear the coming of the late ecort of the paymaster. By this time those not dead, drugged, or drunk were worn out with latigue, towar the body of his bondit brother, the swarthy Ramon, he had flercely resident that seven to one he had averged his death and Pasquai counted on the fingers of his brown and dioery hand the number of the victims of the night. Donovan and his fellow trooper the dead in their tracks and burned to ashes by this time, and, best of all, "that pig of a ser-

daughters: It was with mad, inverish joy that when at last the sun came pouring in a flood of light over the desert of the Catashi he listened to the report of a trusted subordinate.

I could see every mile of the road with my glasses, captain, from the chilf top yonder, every mile of the road with my glasses, captain, from the chilf top yonder, every mile of the road with my glasses, captain, from the chilf top yonder, every mile of the road with my glasses, captain, from the chilf top yonder, every mile from Moreno's to where we struck the cane. These is at a sign of dust, there is not a sign of pursuing party?

Bueao! Then we rest when we roach the care. This is even better than I hoped.

But there were two elements in the problem Captan Pasqual had failed to consider! Lieut. Drummend's scout in the Christobal, Cochise a band of Maria, had ridden out upon the plain, summoned by the beacon at Freach Pass, and least han two hours after their harried start from the burning rules at Moreno's, were specified on their trail? The best field-glasses ever stolen from the paternal Government could not roveal to the fleeling outlaw that, only two or three miles back in the dim recesses of the crooked gorge, the bluecoats were following in hot pursuit. Who could have drawned that a band of Argaches, cut off from their native wilds by detachments from Bowie, Lowell and Crittenden, and forced to make a wide delow to the southwest, had sought refuge in the very gorge of the Cababi whither reasonal and Crittenden, and forced to make a wide delow to the southwest, had sought refuge in the very gorge of the Cababi whither as unaive when we reach the cave.

An even the forment of his wound could not have wrung from the robber chief the longed-for order had he dr

ahead from point to point, always carefully peering around each bend before signalling come on, was seen suddenly to halt and throw himself from his horse. The next instant he stood erect, waving some white object high in air. Spurring forward, Drummond joined him.

"A lady's handkerchief, Lieutenant," he said. "They seem to have halted here a moment; you can tell by the hoof-prints. One of their number rode over toward that high point yonder and rejoined them here. I don't believe they are more than half an hour ahead."

Drummond reverently took the dainty kerchief, hurriedly searched for an initial or a name, and found the letters "R. H." in monogram in one corner.

same point, and, with more or less that increase on in the control of a control of the control o

in prise, would insure success. The only lear hat has that is the section of attack some had was that is the section of attack some had was that is the section of the re shot until they had to aver this busines to the re shot until they had to see that the band, and then to be most careful to aim wide of the wagons. Every man in the little troop well knew how much was at stake, and men, all merey to their beasts at other times, were now plying the cruel spur.

Five, six o'clock, had come and gone. The chase was still out of sight ahead, yot every moment-seemed to bring them closer upon their heels. At every bend of the torthouse trail their heels. At every bend of the torthouse trail clouds are about a list patting point and rolling shoulder of bluif or hillside ever interposed. Drummond had use glanced at his watch for berhaps the twentieth time since daybreak and was replacing when an exciamation from Sergeant Meinecke startled him.

Look at lee:

The head of column, moving at the mement at a walk to rest the panting horses, had just turned a rocky knoll and was following the traw wagon track now followed a gentle ascent and of keeping in the bottom as herstofore, the wagon track now followed a gentle ascent and disapheared over a spur four hundred yards ahead. Here Lee had sudderly ilung himself from his horse, thrown the reins to Patterson, and, crouching behind a boulder, was gazing eagerly to the front, while with hat in hand he was signalling. Slowing the side of his trusty subordinate.

Lee said no word at all, simply pointed ahead. Here was a sight to make a soldier's pulses bound. Not a quarter-mile away the rocky, desolate gorge which they had been following since dawn opened out into a wide valley. Bounded at the west by a range of rugged lengths whose side pink two years, and saddlers, with no cover at all, Moreno's buckboard. It and she deformed the pulse of the path a tall, precipitous rock stood sentry over the entrance and framed the view of the valley beyond. For full a mile ahead the trail sw

CHAPTER VIIL

forth his head to learn the cause of the panic, grabbed his revolver with a fierce curse.

CHAPTER VIII.

Whatever might have been his other moral attributes. Passuai Morales had borne a name for desperate courage that seemed justified in this supreme moment of surprise and stampede. What he saw as he leaned out of the bounding vehicle was certainly enough to disgust a handit and demoralize many a leader. Scattering like chaft before the gale his followers were scadding out across the desert, every man for himself, as though the very davil were in pursuit of each individual member of the gang. Eight or ten at least, spurring, lashing their horses to the top of their speed, were airendy lar beyond reach of his voice. Close at hand, however, six or seven of the fallows, desperadoes of the first water, had unsluin their Henry rifies, and, blazing away for all they were worth, showed avidence of a determination to die game. Behind them, screaming at the tops of their strill, strillent were considered to the strill, strillent were considered to the strill. Aircady both the wounded men had been fluing helplessly out upon the sands, and, oven as he looked, the off fore wheel struck a stout cactus stump; flew into fragments; the tire rolledleff in one direction, and Moreno's luckless family stot, comet-like, into space and fetched up shricking in the midst of a plentiful crop of thorns and apines. The husband and father, gazing upon the incident from over his shoulder and afar, blessed the saints for their beneficence in having landed his loved one- on soft soil instead of among the larged rocks across the plain. But for himself, the sooner he reached the rocks the better. A tail Gringo, who east aside a dark-blue blouse as he rode, stoughing low over his horse's neck, seemed bent on racing the larged rocks across the plain. But for himself, the sooner he reached the rocks the better A tail Gringo, who east aside a dark-blue blouse as he rode, and the plain little puffs of blue-white smoke were shoulded to help a shoul

A Lately Published Story of Nihitism's

A pamphlet purporting to give the true de-tails of the assassination of Alexander II. of Russia has recently been published in Europe by Nikolaus Notowitch. The title of the pamphlet is "Crar Alexander III. and His Entournge." The part of it relating to the tragedy of

In the last days of February, 1881, St. Petersburg was in a fever of unrest. The people talked and acted as if calamity pervaded the air. On Feb. 28 there was a family dinner in the imperial palace. During the conversation the Czar became irritated by a frivolous re-

street of the fewer of a family of the course most the document of the fewer of the ground, the Maiaja Radowaja street, under which a mine had been laid by the Nihilists, although as yet its existence was not suspected. The people along the routs cheered the Czar as usual, and he recovered from the it of melancholy into which the apprehensions of his family and Ministers had thrown him. The review was undisturted by accident. The Czar received and congratulated the new ordnance officer, son of the Grand Duchess Alexandra, and sent to the Grand Duchess word that all had gone well, and that the apprehended attack mion him appeared to have been contemplated by nobody. After the review the Czar passed a few minutes with his old aunt, the Grand Duches Katharina Michallowna; then he proceeded homeward. The coachman, at his command, drove through the less frequented streets, where the least danger from the Nihilists was apprehended. At the quary of the katharina Canal a young man disguised as a peasant threw the first bomb. There was a terrific report. The imperial carriage lay in ruins on the pavement. The Cosack who had sat beside the coachman was dead. Two of the mounted guards were lifeless on the ground, and not far away lay the body of a little boy with the basket of meat that he had carried scattered in fragments round him. The Czar, pale but sound, emerged from the wreck of his carriage. Gen. Dworjewski, who had driven up in his sleigh immediately, approached the Czar on foot, saluted, and begged his Majesty to hasten with him from the spot.

"My place is by the side of the wounded," responded the Czar firmly, as he turned toward the bodies of the men who were stretched on the readdened snow. The row had caught the murderer and he was brought by two Cossessions to the Czar.

"Your name!" commanded Alexander.

on the reddened snow. The crowd had caught the murderer and he was brought by two Cossacks to the Czar.

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"Your name!" commanded Alexander.

The man gave an assumed name.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

The man returned no answer. As the Czar was about to enter Gen. Dworlowski's sleigh he asked an officer. "Are you wounded?"

"No. thank God!" was the reply.

"Do not thank God to soon!" cried a man, disguised as a peasant, from the crowd, and a bomb fell at the Czar sleet. For a moment all was hidden in fire and smoke. When the air cleared, the Czar was lying in a pool of blood.

"I am cold," he sighed, as he struggled to a sliting posture. He was spattered with blood, and his uniform was in tatters. Around him lay ten officers and soldiers, some dead, the rest dying. The uninjured soldiers carried the Czar to a sleigh.

"I am cold," he sighed again, as they laid him among the robes. A soldier covered the Czar's lace with a handkerchief. The young Count Gendrikoff mounted behind, covered the Czar's head with his helmet, and held his shoulders. Capt. Koulebinkien, severely wounded, knelt and stendied the body.

"You ree wounded, my Koulebinkien, severely wounded knelt and stendied the body."

"Ou ree wounded in your sufferings."

"You foul" exclaimed the Captain, weeping.

"what must be your Majesty's sufferings."

The sleigh had hardly started when the Grand Duke Michael hurried up, his face distorted and white.

"Sachha," he called, using the Czar's pet

The sloigh had lardly started when the Grand Duke Michael harried up, his face distorted and white.

"Sacha," he called, using the Czar's pet name, "are you wounded?"

"My son, oh! where is my son?" moaned the Czar. A few minutes later he died.

Meantime Count Loris-Melikoff sat consulting with his colleagues as to the proclamation of the Constitution. The first explosion sounded in the room like distant thunder.

"What was that?" asked a Minister.

"Nothing that we need fear," replied Count Loris. "I assume the responsibility for today. Everything is quiet and safe, and the Czar runs no risks whistever." Nevertheless, the Count sent out feen. Fedoroff to ascertain whether all was well. The General, sharing the Count's assurance, walked away leisurely, humming a song. He had gone but a few steps when the second and heavier explosion came. The shock broke the windows and nattred the coatents of the room, Every Minister sprang from his seat.

"A carriage! Harness!" shouted Count Loris, his lips white and his arms swinging wildly. Before the carriage came, tapt. Koch, spattored with blood and staggering, threw open the door, fie had just come from the quay of the Katharina Canal.

"His Majesty is mortally wounded," gasped Koch. He tried to say more, but his words were unintelligible. Count Loris-Melikoffs white face became scarlet, then purple, and he sank unconscious to the foot.

## FAIRY TALES OF IRELAND

Collected in the Original Irish from the Lips of Irish Story Tellers.

Copperight, 1893, by Jereminh Curtin

There was a widow once in Erin and she had three sons. The eldest and the second worked every day to keep the house up and support their mother, but Shawn, the youngest, would chief, at least that's what the brothers said. On a day the mother took sick, and when the sons came from work she told them to go for

the priest.
"Indeed, then, I will not," said the eldest, "I am after working all day; let Shawn go for him.

Shawn is doing nothing but fooling."

The second brother said the same. About midnight Shawn came and found a skillet of potatoes boiled on the hearth and a wooden mug full of milk on the dresser. He began to eat and drink for himself, and was that way when he heard the mother groan.
"What is the matter with you, mother?"

"I am dying, Shawn dear, go and bring the priest to me."
"I will do that, mother," said Shawn.

Away with him, then, and a big club in his hand. He was like any other herder, and he never stopped till be travelled the three miles between the priest's house and his mother's. When Shawn stood before the door he gave a good blow of his club on it. The servant was not long rising and coming to him.

"Who is that outside?" asked she. "So and so," replied Shawn.

"What brought you at this hour of night?" "My mother is dying, and I am here to bring the priest to her." The priest himself came very soon.

"The things that I need are outside in the chapel." said the priest, "and I wouldn't go into it this hour of the night for all the gold in

"Give me the keys," said Shawn, "and I'll "Here they are for you." said the priest, and with that he told Shawn where to find what

was needed. Shawn wasn't long going to the chapel, and he wasn't long going into it. either. When he found what was needed by the priest and was returning he saw a big man

"On, then, mother, pretend to be ten times worse than what you are when the priest comes; if you don't he'll be killing me for bringing him out this dark night."

Shawn put turf on the fire, swept out the room, settled everything. The present came.

"Here, have have you everything put to "I have father." said Shawn.

"Welt." said the priest to the old woman, "why didn't you send for me when I had daylight to come?"

"My eldest son wouldn't go to call rou," said she; my second so wouldn't go and I had no one to send for you till Shawn came home in the night."

"Where are your two other sons now?"

"They are in bed asleep for the meelves."

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"They are in bed asleep for the meelves."

"The punish them: said the priest. "Fil call their names from the altar next send as he had a she to write and then went away home for himself. Shawn had some schooling. He was able to write and kept a little book of his own. He went to the book now and wrote down the day of the month and the year, so as to keep account of the story that the big man had told him.

On the following morning, when the old woman's two sons rose up they heard what the priest told their mother about them. They were so in dread that they made up their minds to leave home, and away they went to seek their own fortunes. Asking care of the minds to leave home, and away they went to seek their own fortunes.

Shawn and he cottage, and he took good care of them. he did far belier than his brothers.

"Well," said he one time to the mother, "my brothers are good a day and a year, and there is no account from them to you or me since they went. I will go out to know can I lind them. There is plenty here for you to live on till I come back, and I'll be lare with you in a day and a year if 'm living. Make up some provisions for me to cat on the road; I'll be going to-morrow.

"The mother made two loaves of bread for him and gave him to eat on the road he in the made whe had been to be seen to the road he in the man and said.

"

this is a great doctor." Said the daughter.

Next day she rose up. Shawn stayed in the castle six days to attend her, then he said to the king: "Pay me; it is time for me now to be going."

The king gave three hundred gold pleces.
"Well, said shawn, "its three thousand the fee should be instead of three hundred; you promised three thousand."
"Oh," said the king. "you are well paid for your trouble."
"That will not do," said Shawn. "I must have what was promised."
"You are not a doctor at all, and what is more you are not a gentleman." said the king.
"You are not a doctor at all, and what is more you are not a gentleman." said the king.
"The King's daughter called shawn aside: "I am very thankful," said she, "Leave the payment to me; don't have any quarrel with my father; he only wants to find out what way are you reared, where were you born, and is there good blood in you."
"I'll leave the payment to you," said Shawn.
She senta message to the groom to give Shawn a certain horse that was inside in the stable, and gave Shawn a gold ring with her name on it. She was in love with him already, but would not acknowledge it that day.
"Take life easy for at twelvemonth," said she, "You don't know what will happen, but wherever you are give me word."
"The life came to the shop where he got the clothes. The shopkeeper was glad, to rhe knew that he had saved the King's daughter.
Shawn as paying him for the clothes.
"I'll take no pay," said the man, "and I wouldn't if I had given you as much more, I am well paid by the curing of the king's daughter."
Shawn gave his thanks to the man, took his horse, mounted, and travelled on. Toward

more closely and saw two pipes and tobacco, of the pipes and smoked what he wished from it. There were two nots on the fire, one on a "Till so to the olige and the toak of the covers. One was build used and the other of the covers. One was full olded and the other of the covers. One was full olded and the other of the covers. One was full olded and the other of the covers. One was full olded and the other of the covers. One was full olded and stretched thinsof, he was so "If I fail action here" thought he, "some one will one to cat the meat and may kill me.

There was a very large willow cold at one side near the wall, and the cred was a large the wall, and the cred was the cold the night," end Shawn. With that he cred was the cold the night, "end Shawn. With that he cred was the cold the night," end Shawn. With that he cred was the cold that the world and covered himself, he wall, and the cred was a first the cold that the cred was a first the cold that the cred was the cold that the cred was a first the cold that the cred was the cold that the cred was a first the cold that t

"Money that was given me fell in there, and I'm locking for it."
It would be better for you to ask the grace of God and rise out of that dike."
The fool shook his head and said: "It is long since I sold that grace of God for a loaf of bread when I was hungry."
"To what man did you sell it?"
"To another lool like myself,"
"Would you know the man to-day if you'd see him?"

shawn was paring him for the clothes." Tillack on pay," said the man. "and I wouldn't if I had given you as much more. I daughter," and it wouldn't if I had given you as much more. I daughter, and the curing of the kings and the curing of the kings. Shawn gave his thanks to the man, took his horse, nounted, and traveiled on. Toward was tailling heavily on shawn and the horse was tailling heavily on shawn and the hour was tailling heavily on shawn and the windows at it broken, but over the door in the man and his steed." Shawn was very glad to get the like, and cell in his lorse, I was a formation of the like, and cell in his lorse, I was a formation of the like, and cell in his lorse, I was a formation of the like and cell in his lorse, I was and boary outside. When he had caten his see in it ront of the board but a rack full of har. I have been the common more was the see in tront of the board but a rack full of har. I have been the common more, said shawn heard as a lipping down the stone stairs. "My death is comming now, said shawn to himself thing slipping down the stone stairs." My death is comming now, said shawn to himself the moise, He was greatly in dread, and fest something slipping down the stone stairs. "My death is comming now, said shawn to himself the moise, He was greatly in dread, and fest something slipping down the stone stairs." My death is comming now, said shawn to himself the moise, He was greatly in dread, and fest something slipping down the stone stairs. The two mon caught the corpse and were beating towards when the stairs of the board of the rack has and bright eyes wait and took the lid from it. Out sprang a corpse, The two mon caught the corpse and were beating to his by and by."

The words of the dead mast. When he woke in the words of the dead mast. When he woke in the words of the dead mast. When he woke in the words of the dead mast. When he woke in the words of the dead mast. When he woke in the words of the dead mast. When he woke in the words of the dead mast. When he woke i